THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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BY
JOSEPHUS DANIELS. Editor and Proprietor.

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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S"

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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

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THE ADVANCE GLEANINGS.

Rocky Mount has a skating rink.

Wood sells in Beaufort for $6.00 per cord—or five cents a stick.

There are 116,000 people in North Carolina who cannot write.

The *Broad Axe* is to be the name of a new paper to be published at Greensboro.

The New Berne Board of Trade sent a check for $50.00 to the Orphan Asylum Thanksgiving day.

The Atlanta *Constitution* is of the opinion that "the Republican party isn't so corrupt now as it was, because there isn't as much of it."

Dr. Lafferty, of Richmond, Va., lectured in Wilmington Thursday night of last week on the "Old Times and the New." The *Star* praises it.

Blotting paper was discovered in 1465, but from that year to this a man has never been able to discover a piece in his own house when he wanted it.

The trustees of the Slater fund have selected Rev. Atticus G. Haygood, of Georgia, as agent to manage the gift of $1,000,000 for educating colored people in the South.

John H Keenan, of Dover, N. H., one of the newly elected members of the Legislature, is the youngest member ever elected to that body, being but twenty one years and two months old.

Any one desirous of buying a nice, comfortable cottage in San Francisco can be accommodated by ex Governor Stanton on easy terms. He offers his place in that city for $1,000,000.

There are fifty three counties in Georgia which have no licensed liquor saloons. Seven counties have only one apiece, and in many others the sale of liquor is confined to the country towns.

In Cherokee county, N. C., 60,000 acres of land have just been sold to a large colony of Mennonites from Russia. The members of the colony are expected to reach North Carolina in a few weeks.

We notice one thing—it takes a very rich man to appreciate the blessings of poverty. Solomon was worth about $75,000 when he said: "A good name is to be chosen rather than great riches."

The annual meeting of the State Grange will be held at Rocky Mount, December 12th. Special arrangements have been made with the railroads by which passengers can obtain special rates.

It is announced that fifteen thousand dollars have been squandered in Selma, Alabama, by victims of the marriage insurance fever. These associations are now entering this state. Better not invest in them.

There is a farmer living near Marysville, Missouri, who has nine children. The oldest is ten, and the youngest is two. Among them are two sets of twins and triplets. "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man."

A Leavenworth woman, nearly blind, cooked some gunpowder in a quantity of oat meal. The whole family died except a boy, and he is so full of the compound that his aunt won't let him go near the fire for fear he'll go off.

The ladies of the Quaker City think they have a solid grievance against the Philadelphia preacher who told the women of his congregation that divine truth could not find its way into hearts that were cramped by corsets.

We regret to know that Thad. Manning, the talented and genial editor of the Henderson *Gold Leaf* contemplates suspending his paper owing to lack of patronage. There are few State papers as bright as the *Gold Leaf* and we sincerely trust that it may live many years yet.

The Glen Falls *Times* publishes a list of delinquent subscribers, the claims against whom will be disposed of for any reasonable cash offer." We don't propose just now to adopt that course, and trust that our readers will pay up so promptly that such a course will be unnecessary.

A lawyer lost a bride in a peculiar way. He appeared at the wedding, but on being called to the ceremony, from sheer force of habit protested that he was not ready to proceed, and demanded delay. And so the bride got mad and shipped him.

The Raleigh *News Observer* says an enterprising farmer near Kittrell is gathering great quantities of acorns and selling them at twenty five cents per bushel to a firm of that town. Perhaps they would sell here also. If so, many people could make money, for never were acorns so abundant.

Mr. Robie, the Republican Governor of Maine, is quoted as saying that Maine is solidly Republican now, that the people are watching, and future success depends upon how parties act. The people are now in that state of mind which leads them to do right, whatever party champions it."

A determined effort to admit Dakota as a State will be one of the leading items in the Republican programme for the approaching session of Congress. Two additional Republican Senators and three Presidential electors make up the grand prize for which this contest is to be waged.

Mr. Jacob D. Flowers of the Mount Olive section, a few days ago, sold four bales of cotton at Atlanta, Ga., for sixteen and two-thirds cents a pound. It was of the Ozia variety, a long and fine staple. Mr. Flowers was awarded the premium at Sampson Fair on his cotton.

The official majority for Ferrell, Democrat, over Robeson, for Congress, in New Jersey, is 1,716. When it is considered that Robeson's majority two years ago was 5,400, it may be truthfully said that the people of the Camden district have given Robeson the grand bounce.

The men of Nebraska have by the ballot refused to give their mothers, their wives, their sisters and their sweethearts the right of suffrage. The women of Nebraska, aided by the brightest of their sex from all over the land, made a vigorous and brilliant campaign, but the men of Nebraska were obdurate.

Polygamy in Utah.

It has come to light that at a meeting of the higher priesthood after the late conference, President Taylor instructed them that priests and bishops and their councellors are not entitled to hold their positions unless they qualify by becoming polygamists. There are few such officers who are monogamists. One has since resigned rather than take another wife. His resignation was accepted. Others are in a quandary as to what to do about it, but they will have to marry more women or step down and out. One has been appointed President of the Seventies on condition that he takes a new wife. One very young and new made apostle, it is understood, has complied with the condition of holding his office. This is the logic or position taken by the church. It must stand by its religion, law or no law. It shows that until the Government proves itself to be stronger than the Mormon Church in Utah, polygamy will not be suppressed, but rather stimulated in its growth and expansion. Denied or not, there is no doubt about the truth of this.

Queer Escapade of an Heiress.

Miss Susie Pollard, of Cleveland, Ohio, fifteen years of age, disappeared from the home of her father, a wealthy merchant, two weeks ago, and the shrewdest detectives were baffled in their pursuit. As she was unusually attractive in person, and as she was known to have a considerable sum of money in her possession it was feared that she had been decoyed away by some designing villain or had been forcibly abducted. Her father offered a reward of $2,000 for information, and this being read by a chamber maid at the Palmer House, Chicago, she was convinced that the girl was there in the hotel, calling herself Miss Gordon, who had registered on the 9th of October. Her conduct was irreproachable, and some of the lady boarders took quite a fancy to the lonely girl, attracted by her youth and innocence, and she readily made friends with them. During her stay of two weeks, however, she allowed no one to penetrate the mystery that surrounded her. She discouraged all prying questions, and showed that she was perfectly able to take care of herself and keep her own secrets. She laughed heartily when she was addressed as Miss Susie Pollard, and tried to convince her questioners that they were mistaken. Having made preparations to leave, she was prevented by the clerk refusing to sell her a ticket, and she was placed in the family of Dr. Richard Foster to await the arrival of her father. She no longer denies her identity, and laughingly says that her intention was to make observations of life in an untrammeled manner and then write a book detailing her experience. She is a niece of Governor Foster, of Ohio.

Then if the young men would weigh the different vocations of life carefully, a larger number would follow that of agriculture, which is the most independent, easy and comfortable business on earth. The farmer consumes the products of his own hands, depends upon no other class of men for an existence, but every other industry depends upon the farmer for an existence. Educate yourselves for farmers, educate your children for farmers, improve your lands and content yourselves with the reputation and prominence that will naturally arise from honest, hard work.—*Smithfield Herald.*

PRETTY SCHOOL MISTRESS; Or, How She Won.

In the thriving village of Hollythorn there was a church, a postoffice, a couple of stores and a district school; the school was taught by a lady, who had a widowed mother and brother and sisters to assist in supporting.

For the sake of economy, Miss Eva "boarded around" among the scholars, and was considered a paragon among the teachers. Her father had been a respectable mechanic, but died after about two years illness, which bitterly impoverished his family. Eva, however, (she being the eldest,) received a good, plain education before the great calamity came upon them, and unselfishly began the work of assisting in the support.

The last week previous to the holiday vacation she had been boarding with a Mrs. Carpenter, who was making gigantic preparations for guests she was expecting from New York.

"You never met my brothers, Eva," she said, and then began to give the young teacher a description of them. "There's Sam, George, John, the youngest, and such times as they have when they get here and rusticate, as they call it. But, dear me, I don't get much rest or peace, for they are like a pack of boys let loose from school. Such tricks and pranks no one ever saw. The last time they visited me altogether, John and Sam actually cut a pane of glass from my window and pelted George with snow out my best room. You see there is always a regular strife for that particular room, for the bed is a spring one, and they don't sleep in any other in the city. But they don't get it this time, that's certain, for I intend, to keep you in that room, and so end the controversy. I am so afraid they will break or ruin something, that I am glad you are here. It may keep them in check a little."

"I had just as soon occupy some other room, Mrs. Carpenter, and do not wish to incommode your brothers—have no right to do so."

"No you shan't Eva," peremptorily exclaimed her hostess. "And what is the use of your going home vacation week? You can stay here just as well as not, and do your sewing on my machine. Your mother has got enough mouths to feed, I guess, and won't miss yours."

The subject was dropped, and the entire household retired early, for on the morrow the brothers, young, ardent and full of life, were to be there. But without sending any word of their intention, they had concluded to take the evening train, which would land them at Hollythorne about bed time. John and George did so, and when safely seated in the cars, began to speculate about the absence of Sam.

"No reason on earth why he should not be along," said George.

"No; for he told me this morning that he certainly would be on hand," said John.

"I can't make it out, unless he has taken the five o'clock train by mistake."

"Not a bit of it," laughed John, who fancied he understood the entire programme. "It is more than likely that he took the train on purpose to get Hannah's spare bedroom, and make us to take up with straw tick and feathers."

"I didn't think that, but I reckon you are right. We must contrive to get him out somehow."

"Bet your life on that."

The brothers put their heads together, and laughed merrily over some scheme for outwitting Sam, and accordingly, when the train reached Hollythorne about eleven o'clock, they approached the house in a very stealthy manner.

Climbing the fence in the rear, they softly opened a window and gained access to the pantry, where they demolished a nice pie and a couple of doughnuts. Then with appetites appeased they removed their boots and prepared to examine the best room. They stole along the hall, which was dimly lighted by the moon, ascended the stairs and reached the door. The faint rays of the moon disclosed a chair filled with clothing, and they could distinctly trace the outlines of a form beneath the bed-clothes, and had not the remotest idea but that Sam was enjoying sweet repose upon Hannah's bed.

A few whispered words were exchanged and then, as softly and lightly as if shod with down they drew near.

"All ready," whispered John.

Quick as thought they seized upon the form of the sleeper, bed-clothes and all, bore it swiftly down stairs out into the snow, and were about to deposit it in a huge drift, when a shrill shriek broke the stillness of the night, and, oh! horror it was that of a woman! And in their consternation they dropped their burden plump in the middle of a huge drift.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed, "isn't Sam, but some woman, sure I'm a sinner, and she has fainted. Run and call Hannah!"

"George! John! for goodness sake, what does this mean, and what have you there?" asked Mrs. Carpenter in a breath.

"Blessed if I know," said George "thought it was Sam; so we thought we'd give him a dose of snow for getting into the best bed and trying to euchre us. Quick, I believe she has fainted."

"Just like you," scolded Hannah, as she assisted in depositing Eva upon the bed from which she had been unceremoniously taken; "you begin your tricks on each other before you get fairly in the house. Clear out!"

Long before she was done with her tirade, her discomfited brothers had betaken themselves down stairs, where they almost went into hysterics over the joke.

"A pretty kettle of fish," said George, rolling over the floor, and letting out peal after peal of laughter.

"I should think it was," said John, holding his sides. "Oh, my. But what the dickens is to be done about it, and who do you suppose it is, George?"

"Some guest of Hannah's, of course, and young and pretty at that. I don't know how much it is with you, but I feel particularly small and extremely cheap—would sell myself at a very low price."

"Cheap!" roared John; "cheap! I would actually give myself away this very moment and throw in something to boot. What we are to do I can't say, but I believe I shall dig out of this place and get back to this city before morning. I ain't got the courage to face the music, so I'll get up and go."

He began hastily putting on his boots, and would have put his threat into execution, but for the appearance of Hannah, who at once asserted her authority.

"You are not going a single step; but I don't wonder that you feel ashamed of yourselves.—What on earth possessed you, is more than I can tell."

"That's right, Han, pitch in, scold away, I'll take any amount just now, for I'm as meek as a lamb. But who is it we have played so shabby a trick on?" inquired George.

"Trick! I should say it was. Why, it was Eva Stanley—just as nice a young thing as ever lived. She is our school teacher, and this is her week to board here, and I knew you boys would be squabbling over that room as usual, so I put her there, little thinking you would come home in a stealthy way."

"Eva Stanley! Whew! A pretty school marm." And repeating his sister's words, gave a lugubrious groan.

"Has she recovered?" inquired John, vainly endeavoring to restrain his laughter at the wry faces his brother was making.

"Yes, I soon brought her to; but I don't believe the poor girl will ever get over the fright. She said the first thing she knew she was being lifted up and carried out, and she couldn't utter a sound, but the moment the cold air struck her she realized that she was being abducted, or something of the kind, and had just time to utter a scream when she fainted. It is too bad. I should not wonder if she had taken her death by being dragged out of a warm bed this time of night and dropped into a snow-dritt in that fashion. No wonder she cried, poor thing." "Cried, did she?" repeated George, with a groan.

"I should think she did. I just took her in my arms and let her have her cry out, while I explained to her how she had been mistaken for Sam, and became the victim of your mad pranks."

"That was neat in you, Han. I am awfully glad you hugged the poor thing. I wish you would have given her a brotherly squeeze for me—'pon my honor, I do. Oh! dear, I am in sackcloth and ashes from this time henceforth and forever," replied George, with another dismal groan.

"How on earth do you expect us to stay and take the consequences?" asked John, beginning to look serious. "I am for taking myself off instantly. I had rather face a masked battery than this pretty teacher, after making such fools of ourselves."

"I don't care if you had," answered his sister, indignantly. "The only way is to brave it out, both of you, and apologize for your rudeness. She is not a bit stupid, but pleasant and merry, and no doubt you will have a jolly laugh over the affair."

"But, Sam! how the deuce ar we to get along with him? You know well enough Han, we shall never hear the last of it from him: and that it will be brought up at all times and in all places."

"If you two can keep the secret, I'll find a way to silence Bridget, and it's a subject Eva will not care to have discussed, and fortunately, my husband is away. So, go to bed and rest contented."

She showed them to the room she had intended for them to occupy, and soon all was quiet again.

Meanwhile, their brother Sam had reached the depot a few minutes too late. He found the train he was to have taken gone; but upon consulting the time-table he ascertained that another train started two hours later, and so he decided to take it. He figured to himself, as he impatiently crowded into an empty seat, and was being whirled along at a rapid rate, how snugly his brothers had ensconced themselves in the best room, which by right belonged to him, he being the eldest, and consummated a plan to get even with them.

Sometime after night he was deposited at Hollythorne, and reaching his sister's house he scouted around until he found a way of entrance into the kitchen, where he deposited his luggage and removed his boots. Then he quietly stole up stairs and opened the door of the best room. "Sure enough," thought he, "my fine caps, you are in clover!" for there were not-to-be-mistaken signs of the room being occupied. Garments were lying upon chairs, and the bed was pressed by slumbering forms.

To think of coping with their united strength by dragging them forth was not practicable; but there stood the pitcher of water, and he knew that a good dousing with the icy fluid would bring them out quick enough.

"If I can't have my old quarters," he chuckled, "you shan't—that I am determined. So here goes."

He filled the pitcher, approached the bed, raised the pitcher, high, and suddenly dashed the entire contents on the sleeper.

Such a torrent of screams he had never before heard ring through the house, and before Sam could collect his scattered thought, door after door opened, and Hannah, John and George rushed in—in scanty apparel; Hannah with a frightened look on her face and a lamp in her hand, that revealed the entire scene.

There, sitting in bed, with hair dripping like a mermaid, her nightdress deluged, her face colorless and looking terrified; and there was Sam with the empty pitcher in his hand, the very picture of imbecility, staring like an idiot at Miss Eva and the havoc he had made.

Han, George and John instantly perceived the situation, and the latter, at the command of their sister, dragged Sam away, while she assisted the drenched and terrified to dry her clothing, and then took her to her own room and bed, explaining for the second time the mishap of the night.

"I'll keep you with me, now, my child," she said, though with difficulty keeping back her laughter. "Those boys are nicely come up with, at any rate; and if it wasn't for your having been so terribly frightened, and the way my best bed is used up, I would not care. They do nothing when they come home but study up tricks to play on each other," and, continued she, "they are so confined in their offices and stores during the most of the year, that they let entirely loose when they are out here; but you are safe now."

Hannah kissed her charge, and then went down to see about the boys, who, as soon as they were shut up in the region below, began to fully appreciate the joke; and now that Sam was asleep in the mud as they were in the mire, gave no quarter.

"I'll be blamed if I know what it all means," said Sam, looking at his brothers, who were rolling and kicking in the convulsions of laughter.

"Wait," replied George, "until Han comes, and see if you don't find out," and he gave another peal of laughter.

Sam had not smiled, and sat looking the picture of discomfort and perplexity, but answered:

"For heaven's sake, hold my boys! I'm willing to admit that I'm sold gone dog cheap to the highest bidder—but hold on long enough to tell a fellow what it means."

"Means! of course I will," continued George. "It means that you have stolen like a thief into Miss Stantley's chamber— who is a lady teacher boarding around; that this is her week here; and thinking it was your humble servant and Johny snug in the bed, you attempted to drown us out, and made a grand mistake. How do you like it Sam?"

"I confess I see the point, but can't see the joke. It is most outrageous shame."

At this juncture Hannah came in, and began rating them soundly, thereby letting the whole story out. It was Sam's turn then to laugh, and the whole thing was so completely ludicrous that he was compelled to join his brothers.

Miss Eva was not visible at the table the next morning, and Hannah announced that she was sick with a severe cold; whereupon George groaned out and called for a handful of peas to put in Sam's shoes, while that gentleman looked very contrite, and John declared he wanted to shoot himself. But Hannah had the unruly crew under her thumb for once in her life, and had the satisfaction of seeing them behave with something of dignity. They appeared to never forget that there was an invalid in the house, and went on tip-toe about, and Sam, who seemed to take the entire responsibility on his shoulders, sent off to New York for choice fruits and flowers, which he induced his sister to convey to the young lady with the most abject apologies and regrets.

In a couple of days Eva was able to come down stairs. She was looking quite pale but lovely, and of course, divinely, when presented by Mrs. Carpenter to her three brothers, who behaved quite well, considering the unpleasantness of their situation

But Sam who broke the ice by means of his presents, was most at ease, and by virtue of his age and experience, constituted himself the proprietor, and was constantly on hand to offer Eva a thousand nameless attentions, and before the week was out, John declared in confidence to Hannah that he was done for.

"Gone up completely!" echoed George, with one of his dismal groans.

"Just think of it, Han, if it hadn't been for the pitcher of water, Sam would have been heart-whole this blessed minute. The fellow meets lots of girls much prettier than she every day, and with lots of stamps, too. They say that pity is twin-sister to love, and I believe it."

"Sour grapes!" whispered John, puckering up his mouth.

Hannah sang Eva's praise, and secretly condemned Sam's choice. She recommended marriage to all of them, as the only sobering process she was acquainted with. They do not feel inclined to follow her advice, notwithstanding Sam's happy plot with the pretty schoolmistress of Hollythorne.

She often reminds her brothers-in-law of her unceremonious introduction to a snow-drift at the dead of night, and they retaliate by reference to the shower-bath given her by Sam.

Snowed Under

BILL NYE, of the *Boomerang*, is a Republican. This is the way he accepts the situation: We have met the enemy and we are his'n. We have made our remarks and we are now ready to listen to the gentleman from New York. We could have dug out, perhaps, and explained about New York, but when almost every State in the Union rose up and made certain statements yesterday, we found the job of explaining this matter thoroughly would be wearsome and require a great deal of time.

We do not blame the Democracy for this. We are a little surprised, however, and grieved. It will interfere with our wardrobe this winter. With an overcoat on Wyoming, a plug hat on Iowa, a pair of pantaloons on Pennsylvania and boots on the general result, it looks now as though we would probably go through the winter wrapped in a bed quilt and profound meditation.

We intended to publish an extra this morning, but the news was of such a character that we thought we would get along without it.—What was the use of publishing an extra with a republican majority only in Red Battes?

The cause of this great Democratic freshet in New York yesterday, but why go into details, we all have an idea why it was so. The number of votes would seem to indicate that there was a tendency toward democracy throughout the State.

Now in Pennsylvania, if you will look over the returns carefully—but why should we take up your valuable time offering an explanation of political matter of the past.

Under the circumstances some would go and yield to the soothing influences of the maddening bowl, but we do not advise that. It would only furnish temporary relief and the recoil would be unpleasant.

We resume our arduous duties with a feeling of extreme ennui, and with that sense of surprise and astonishment that a man does who has had a large brick block fall on him when he was not expecting it. Although we feel a little lonely today—having met but a few republicans on the street, who were obliged to come out and do their marketing—we still hope for the future.

The grand old republican party—But that's what we said last week. It sounds hollow now and meaning less, somehow, because our voice is a little hoarse, and we are snowed under so deep that it is difficult for us to enunciate.

Now about those bets. If the parties to whom we owe bets—and we owe most everybody—will just agree to the stakes, and not go into details; not stop to ask us about the state of our mind, and talk about how it was done, we don't care.—We don't wish to have this thing explained at all. We are not of an inquiring turn of mind. Just plain fact are good enough for us, without any narrowing details. In the meantime we are going to work to earn some more money to bet on the next election. Judge Folger and others, come over and see us when you have time, and we will talk this matter over. Mr. B. Butler we wish we had your longevity. With a robust constitution, we find that most any man can wear out cruel fate and get there at last. We do not feel so angry as we do grieved and surprised. We are pained to see the American people thus betray our confidence, and throw a large wardrobe into the hands of the relentless foe.

NEAR-BY NEWS NOTES.

The Weeks Wealth of Near News Gathered by Our Reporters and Neatly Nipped from our Numerous Neighbors.

Toisnot will soon have—(we had nearly said Town Hall)—an elegant new Opera House.

Mr. Jacob W. Avera, of Rocky Mount, has accepted a position as travelling agent of the Raleigh *News-Observer*.

The Gipseys, who were encamped near Farmville Pitt county, were driven from their encampment last week.—Cause unknown.

Mr. Jas. L. Hobgood, formerly of Oxford, is now conducting the hotel in Battleboro. That he will keep a good hotel and get plenty of patronage we do not doubt.

"There is a calm for those who weep"
But none for those who have delayed
To settle back subscriptions up,
Or keep there advertisements paid.

—*Messenger Devil.*

Capt. Turner Battle, who lives near Battleboro, lost his gin house together with 45 bales of cotton and a quanity of cotton seed the night of November 25th. It was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary. The loss is $4,500—No insurance.

POSTAL TELGRAPH.—It is understood that Postmaster Gen. Howe's advocacy of postal telegraph in his forthcoming report, will be direct, through, and supporte by exhaustive arguments and statistics of the system in other countries. This will bring the matter in such form before Congress as to compell very serious consideration of the proposition. However great the postage to the people (and the immensity of its beneficence has been fully demonstrated), a step still more to the establishment of a cheap telegraphy through its identification with the postal service.

The Graded School continues to improve in every respect and now numbers over 200 pupils. No man in North Carolina is superior to Capt. Dugger in managing a large number of boys and girls, and the people of Rocky Mount are most fortunate in securing his long experience. But with all his ability he must have enough assistants to carry out his ideas. He has only 3 teachers to help him, which is not enough for 200 pupils. Now is the time for our people to wake up and hold up the hands of the principal by giving him at once another. No school in the State has made such progress in so short a time and the interest of every citizen will dictate and urge the liberal support its success demands. If intelligence of the people is the same guard of our institutions and the hope of our land, then our duty is plain.—*Rocky Mt. Reporter.*

The Premium List.

I send list of Premiums awarded at 2nd Annual Fair of E. C. Agricultural & Mechanical Association. The awards are not perfect, and will not be in some time yet. Special Premium for Sweepstake not decided.

SPECIAL PREMIUM DEPARTMENT.

Jno. E. Lindsey's—Miss Mary Daniels
D. Abrams—clock—Mrs. J. J. Battle.
ADVANCE's dried apples—Mrs. M. Taylor.
W. J. Fitzgerald's canned fruit—J. W. Proctor.
W. J. Fitzgerald's corn bread—Mrs. J. L. Drake.
W. J. Fitzgerald's butter—Mrs. J. J. Battle.
Augustus Wright's ham—A. Harper.
A. W. A's fruit cake—Mrs E. P. Griffin.
A. W. A's pound cake—A. W. Arrington.
T. B. Braswell's hams—A. Harper.

DEPT. G PAINTINGS, ETC.

Mrs. Dorsey Battle, best oil painting.	5.00
Mrs. J. H. Thorp, second best oil painting	2.50
Mrs. J. H. Thorp, best portrait from life, oil painting	4.00
Mrs. W. F. Gorham, best water color landscape	3.00
Mrs. W. T. Gorham, best water color fruits and flowers	2.00
Mrs. Dorsey Battle, best crayon drawing	2.00
Mrs. J. H. Thorp, best pencil drawing	2.00
G. W. Proctor, best painting on glass	2.00
Mrs. Dorsey Battle, best collection of photographs by a North Carolina artist	Diploma
J. T. Young & Bros., Petersburg, best music	Diploma
Matthews-Beck, supposed Hallett & Son best piano	Diploma
Hallett & Son, best organ	Diploma

DISCRETIONARY PREMIUMS.

W. W. Speight, flower stand.
Walter Herbert, walnut desk.
Mrs. M. M. Chalk, tapestry embroidered.
Sam S. Williams, Home march guitar.
Octavius Saddler, model vessel.
D. T. Bryan, bottled pyramid
Geo. Thomas, shuttle
Wheeler and Wilson sewing machine, silver medal
Remington sewing machine, diploma
Henry Thorpe, case of bird eggs
J. P. Battle, map of North Carolina

SPECIAL PREMIUM.

James D. Jenkins—Miss Sallie Manning
C. L. Killebrew—Mrs. Dorsey Battle
A. B. Nobles—Mrs. Dorsey Battle
Kahn & Schloss—David Perry.

DEPARTMEMT H.—ORCHARD PRODUCTS.

C. B. Jenkins, best and largest variety of apple trees	1 50
Franklin Davis & Co., Richmond, Va., best and largest variety of fruit trees	1 50
Franklin Davis & Co., Richmond, Va., best and largest variety of fruit trees	1
C. H. Jenkins, best display of apples, not less than 6 varieties nor less than 2 bushels	1 50
Iredell Williams, best barrel of apples with full directions for gathering, packing and keeping	2 00
J. L. Brake, best apple brandy, sample not less than 1 dozen bottles	3 00
W. R. Carter, best peach brandy, sample as above	2 00
N. B. Killebrew, best scuppernong wine, sample as above	2 00
J. J. Coley, best wine from any other grape, sample as above	2 00
Miss H. L. Brake, best vinegar.	2 00
Dr. J. G. Rives, best and largest exhibit of domestic wines	3 00

DISCRETIONARY PREMIUMS.

W. W. Weaver, pears of one variety recommonded for merit, one entry
Franklin Davis & Co., evergreens of Arbor Vital and Irish Juniper.
J. G. Rives, dry wine

SPECIAL PREMIUMS.

W. J. Fitzgerald's premium for vinegar—Miss H. L. Brake.

DEPARTMENT I BUGGIES, ETC.

Hackney Bros., best home made buggy	Diploma
Miss Lizzie Bellamy, ladies saddle, 1926, home made wagon	Diploma
Miles Purnell, best set carriage harness, North Carolina make	Diploma
N. B. Snell, set furniture, home made	2 00
Jim Hardy, cotton baskets, six to be exhibited	1 00
Woolin & Stepens, hair, moss, cotton or shuck made in North Carolina	2 00

SPECIAL PREMIUMS.

August Wright, boots, Jim Hardy.

JAS. D. JENKINS,
Secretary

(to be continued.)

He Spoke From Experience.

BUCHANAN, Ga., July 5, 1881.

H. H. WARNER & Co.: *Sirs*:—I have been taking your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure for Bright's disease, and find it the best I ever saw or heard of.

DAVID BOWLING.

A Cure for Bright's Disease.

James R. Bartlett, of New Milford, a few weeks ago was almost dying with Bright's disease; in fact he was pronounced incurable and was reduced to almost a skeleton. Some of his friends recommended to him the following remedy: Take sweet cider and place it in a lot of old nails, iron hoops, spikes, and let it stand until the cider has absorbed abundance of the iron rust, then drink four or five glasses daily. Mr. Bartlett followed out the peculiar prescription to the letter and the result has been marvelous. Color has returned to his check, flesh to his limbs, and to all appearances he is rapidly gaining in health and is in a fair way for perfect recovery.—*Chicago Herald.*

A Catalogue of Kings.

The most powerful king on earth is wor-king. The laziest king, lur-king. The meanest king, shir-king And the most disgusting, smir-king. The most popular, smo-king. The most common, jo-king; and the leanest one, thin-king; and the thirstiest one, drin-king; and the shiest one, win-king; and the most garrulous one, tal-king. And then there is the hac-king whose trade's a perfect mine; the dark skinned monarch, blac-king, who cuts the greatest shine; not to speak of ran-king, whose title's out of question; or famous ruler, ban-king, of good finance digestion.

A French scientist has made experiments which show that all classes of insects, in proportion to their size, are from fifteen to forty times as strong as a horse. If you doubt it watch the velvety little bumble bee, with the tropical polonaise, and see if he don't lift a two hundred pound picnic man out of the grass.

THE QUIET HOUR.

Selections for Sunday Reading

MY FATHER'S HOME.

BY REV. W. H. ANDERSON, D. D.

'Tis not the place where I was born,
Where childhood spent its happy days,
Where setting sun and rosy morn
Shed on our sight their glad some rays.
Though there, the dearest, holiest spot
Upon the broad and sunlit earth—
The quiet, flower-embowered cot,
The home of peace, and truth and mirth.

I pass in thought, from earth away,
On wings of holiest joy I rise,
My father's home in endless day,
Far, far beyond these earthly skies.
Mansions of light not made with hands,
Brighter than midnight's star-clad dome,
A God built temple grandly stands,
Angels' delight, "My Father's Home."

No sin nor pain can enter there,
'Tis guarded by God's mighty hand;
Death makes no graves, borrows no fear,
'Tis life's eternal home and land,
The soul, set free from mortal clay,
Shall spread its joyful, tireless wing,
Thought shall be clear as noon-tide day,
Unmingled joys their hymns shall sing.

Earth's long divided loved ones there,
Shall meet, with purest joy again;
With angels bright His glory share,
With seraph choir swell heaven's refrain.
My Father's Home, where Jesus is,
To us the dearest name is given;
Undying home of life and bliss,
Its sweetest, truest name is "Heaven."

"The Safe Man."

Canon Farrar once said, "It is the constant temptation of all us clergymen to be cautious and timid, and not to speak out; to manipulate truth with reference to ulterior interests, and to steer between the Scylla and Charybdis of yes and no." "That," he said, "is a very easy, but it is also a very mean way of getting praised, of being regarded as a "safe man," of being *uselessly* successful." Now in nothing is this more true than with many of our clergy of the present day, in reference to the temperance question. There is a good, fat vestryman, who is very good at making up deficiencies in the rector's salary, and the "safe man" thinks it will be highly unsafe to say what he believes about liquor dealing. It will never do for him to ask his people from the chancel to subscribe for a temperance paper, although it is the organ of the diocesan branch, because Mr.——does not believe in temperance principles; so, to be on the "safe side," he persuades himself that the Church is, after all the only temperance society that can reach the people, and thus he steers clear of the "fat vestryman" and the "temperance society," and becomes very "uselessly successful" in his parish. To advocate the importance of subscribing to a temperance paper, much less joining a temperance society, would be like throwing a bomb shell into some congregations, so our "safe man" thinks; and, therefore, not wishing to make a commotion, he quietly ignores "this new fangled notion" about temperance. How could he expect to retain his popularity as a preacher and pastor if he becomes associated with a society which is endeavoring to—what? Why, to stir up some of the old soakers, who are the pillars of his church. No, no; that will never do for the "safe man." He must not interfere with the liquor question if he wants to do good in his parish. Better let that alone, and keep on the right side of "the pillars," although they do stand upon whiskey barrels.

Believing that language was given to conceal his thoughts when he happens to talk on the subject, he proves himself to be an adept in the use of it; and so nobody can be offended at what he says. Temperance men believe that he is "almost persuaded," and the anti-temperance members of the vestry, and others of standing in his congregation, congratulate him in his plain, common-sense way of talking on this "milk and water question;" and so he keeps on the safe side of all.

Church Grumblers.

The Philadelphia *Times* is right in saying, and it is the truth, that almost every church has its grumblers. Sometimes they grumble at the sexton because the ventilation of the church is bad and sometimes they vent their displeasure on the pastor because his sermon is dull or his doctrines bad. If the sexton and the pastor happen to be beyond criticism they criticise their fellow worshippers and say something ugly about their apparel, their mode of life or the company they are supposed to keep.—If these people ever reach the abode of the blessed, they will not be there a week without finding fault with the wings of the angels or the music of the celestial choir. There is very little use of trying to please them, for they are never happy unless they have something to be unhappy about.

Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Church, in an address at the laying of the corner-stone of a new church the other day, made the following point: "Our answer to those who assert that Christianity is dying out is simply this—we build more churches. The line of argument cannot hold against the line of action. Infidelity builds no churches, found no asylums, endows no universities. Unbelief provides no refuge for the infirm and poor, nor furnishes help nor comfort for those who weep."